THE PORT FOLIO.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

.....“ VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D.”
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 101.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

TO the reader, who delights in the creations of Fancy, there are few poetical pieces that will yield more pleasure, than the Castle of Indolence of Thomson; none that will more completely gratify his imagination, by an unbounded and luxuriant indulgence in natural description and imagery.

From the allegorical form, and apparent looseness of expression, resulting from the style of the versification, it does not appear, at first, to have so methodical an arrangement, as a better acquaintance will discover. We must, nevertheless, feel disposed to allow it some perfection, considering it as the offspring of seven years labour of the author of the Seasons.

The two cantos, into which this poem is divided, display a contrast of argument and an opposition of description, of considerable art and ingenuity. The stern dictates of reason are nearly forgotten in the fascinating delusions of the imagination; and though we cannot avoid yielding to the sound and conclusive arguments of the former, yet does the latter hold out lures and deceptions, flattering to our love of ease and natural despondency, that we cannot avoid, without difficulty, the net of the baneful enchanter.

Perhaps no subject admits of more sophistry, or could be more artfully descanted upon, than the vanity and futility of human pursuits. It has been a most copious source of declamation, at all times and in all countries, to the philosopher and satirical poet.

Considering the subject in the abstract, and as bearing relation to a future life, it is the most true and impressive manner in which to treat it. But, considering us as formed for active life, an indifference to its duties and occupations cannot reasonably or consistently be encouraged as praiseworthy, or at all conducive to happiness here.

In Milton's Comus, there is much artful argument used by the voluptuous enchanter, who certainly disguises the most unbounded licentiousness and immorality in the language of a very pleasing and imposing philosophy. Nothing proves the weakness of our intellect more forcibly than these kind of contrasts, where the truth is found so nearly allied to both, that it requires nice discrimination to make the just distinction.

In the present instance we cannot avoid being pleased with the attractions of this retreat, from which Want and Care are far distant, and where Ease and Pleasure abound, and which, though delusive, have their analogy in that future mansion, upon which a warm imagination sometimes delights to dwell.

Some quotations, that will be made in the course of this sketch, will fully prove the appositeness of the above remarks as to the plausibility of the sophisms, which fill the first canto, and the interest we are compelled to take, so far as the premises upon which the arguments are founded. It appears that our author's first intention was the composition of a few stanzas, descriptive of his own attachment to ease and indolence; but he soon discovered that the subject would admit of a greater extent, and might be treated in a manner to convey the most useful and salutary instructions, while it admitted of all the embellishments which a descriptive and moral imagination could afford. Hence we find a long and regular work upon the subject, in two cantos; the first containing an appeal to our passions and imagination, ornamented with very appropriate scenery: the second an address to the reader, wherein is pointed out the fallacy of the former arguments, and the true duties and sources of happiness to mankind as at present constituted.

The following introductory lines convey the moral upon which the superstructure is reared.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
That like an emmet thou must ever moil
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And certes there is for it reason great;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

These lines will remind him, who may have seen Zimmerman's book on the ‘Ill effects of Solitude,’ of the many examples therein given of the bad consequences resulting from suppressed passions, and seclusion from the active scenes of life.

The poem opens with a fine description of the valley, in which the castle is situated. Every thing that can be considered in unity with the subject, is here placed before our eyes with the vivid colouring and happy arrangement of the author of the Seasons.

Was nought around but images of rest;
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
And flowery buds, that slumberous influence kest
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen,
That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Full in the passage of the vale above
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood.
Where nonght but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood,
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow.

We have a perfect Elysium presented to our imagination in the succeeding lines, and we feel tempted to turn aside with the passengers, and confine our wanderings to such delightful pleasure grounds. The castle is truly the palace of Luxury and Indulgence; downy couches, the splendid allurements of the table, the charms of beauty, the power of music and poetry, and an abstraction from the disquietudes of the soul, dazzle our senses, and we think of nothing less than the transformations of Circe, or her voluptuous son.

The place being so interestingly described, we listen next to the fascinating oratory of the deceitful possessor, addressed to the numerous passengers, who, in their journey along the paths of life, approach his gates.

The charms which surround them, seconded by such persuasive eloquence, prove irresistible, and they turn in, overjoyed at the termination of their labours.

The contrast so often made of the ‘unearn'd pleasures' of the animal creation, and the ‘toil worn man,’ is handsomely drawn, after which come these animated verses:

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,
And of the vices an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain.
For when hard hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,
Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz'd on man,
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

Come ye! who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
Forever vain; come, and withouten fee
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea
Of pure delight; O come, ye weary wights, to me.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure, ethereal calm, that knows no storm,
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform
And torture man, a proud malignant worm,
But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart———

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When sudden comes blind, unrelenting, fate,
And gives the untasted portion you have won,
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
To those, who mock you gone to Pluto's reign;
But sure it is of vanities most vain
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.

[*To be continued.*]

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO A JOURNALIST.

[Translated from the French]

On the subject of Philosophy....History....the Theatre.... Pieces of Poetry....Literary Olios....Anecdotes of Literature....Languages and Style.

The periodical work, to which you intend to devote your labours, may succeed, although there are already too many works of this kind. You ask me, what line of conduct must be pursued to render such a journal grateful to our age, and to posterity. I will answer you, in two words: be impartial. You possess science and taste, if to these you add justice, I predict permanent success. Our nation loves all kinds of literature, from the mathematics to an epigram. None of the journals generally speak of the most brilliant portion of belles lettres, I mean dramatic pieces, nor of the great number of charming poetical works, which support daily the amiable character of our nation. Your journal may be a receptacle for almost every thing, even a song, any thing well written, is not to be disdained. Greece, who boasts of having given birth to Plato, glories in her Anacreon; and Cicero does not make us forget Catullus.

PHILOSOPHY.

You possess a competent knowledge of geometry and physics, to give an exact account of books of this kind; and you have enough of understanding and taste to speak of them with that art, which strips them of their thorns, without loading them, with unbecoming flowers.

I would particularly advise you, when you shall make philosophical extracts, first to present to the reader a kind of historical abridgment of the opinions suggested, or of the truths established.

For example, is the question of the vacuum under discussion? Mention briefly the manner in which Epicurus thought he had proved it; shew how Gassendi rendered it more probable; expose to view the infinite degrees of probability, which Newton has added to this opinion, by his arguments, by his observations, and by his calculations.

Is a work on the nature of air under consideration? It is proper, in the first place, to shew that Aristotle and all the philosophers knew that it had weight, but were ignorant of the degree of that weight. A great number of ignorant persons, who are desirous of knowing at least the history of the sciences, men of the world, young students, will learn, with avidity, with what force of reason, and by what experiments the great Galileo combated the first error of Aristotle on the subject of air; with what art Torecelli weighed it, as we ascertain the weight of any thing in a balance; by what means its elasticity was discovered; and, finally, how the admirable experiments of Hale and Boerhaave have discovered effects of air, which we are almost forced to attribute to properties of matter, unknown until our day.

Does a book, filled with calculations and problems, on the subject of light, make its appearance? How much pleasure will you afford to the public, by exhibiting the feeble ideas entertained by eloquent and ignorant Greece on the subject of refraction; the opinion of the Arab Alhazen, the only geometrician of his time, respecting it; the conjectures of Antonio de Dominis; the system of Descartes, of which he made an ingenious and geometrical, but false application; the discoveries of Grimaldi, whose life was but too short; finally, the truths established by Newton; truths the most bold and luminous, to which the human mind is capable of attaining; truths, which open a new world to our view, but which still leave a cloud behind them!

Shall a work be composed on the gravitation of the celestial bodies, that admirable part of the demonstrations of Newton? Will you not gratify your readers, if you give the history of this gravitation, from Copernicus, who had but a glimpse of it, from Keller, who was bold enough to announce it as if by instinct, to Newton, who has demonstrated to the astonished world, that it presses upon the sun, and the sun upon it?

Attribute to Descartes and to Harrot the art of applying algebra to the mensuration of curb, integral and differential calculation to Newton, and afterwards to Leibnitz. Name occasionally the authors of all new discoveries. Let your journal be a faithful register of the glory of great men. In exposing opinions, in supporting, in combating them, carefully avoid injurious expressions, which irritate an author, and frequently a whole nation, without enlightening any one. Nothing of animosity, nothing of irony. What would you say of an advocate-general, who, in summing up a cause, should outrage, by poignant expressions, the party whom he condemns? The office of a journalist is not so respectable, but his duty is almost the same. You do not believe in pre-established harmony, must you, on that account, decry Leibnitz? Will you insult Locke, because he believes God sufficiently powerful to communicate, if he will, thought to matter? Do you not believe that God, who has created all things, can render this matter and this faculty of thinking eternal? That if he has created our souls, he has also the power to create millions of beings different from matter and from soul? That thus the sentiment of Locke is respectful to the Divinity, without being dangerous to men? If Bayle, who knew much, has doubted much, remember that he has never doubted of the necessity of being an honest man. Be also honest, and imitate not those little minds, who, by vile abuse, outrage an illustrious shade, whom they would not have dared to attack, during his life.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF THE ORATORICAL WORKS OF CICERO.

SECTION 4.

The orations against Catiline.

[*Continued.*]

"I perceive, Conscript Fathers, that all eyes are turned upon me, and that your minds are employed, not only upon the dangers of the Republic, but upon mine. This personal interest, which intermingles with the sentiment of our common misfortunes, is a testimony, undoubtedly very delightful and very flattering; but I conjure you, in the name of the Gods, to forget it altogether, and laying aside my particular safety, think only on your own and that of your children. If such is my situation, that all the evils, all the afflictions, all the adversity must be accumulated on me alone, I will support them not only with courage, but with joy, provided, that by my labours, I can insure your dignity and the safety of the Romon people. Since they have decreed me the consulate, you all know, the tribunals, the sanctuary of justice and the laws, the field of Mars, consecrated by the Auspices, the assembly of the senate, which is the refuge of nations, the asylum of our household gods, regarded as inviolable, the domestic bed, where every citizen ought to repose in peace, in fine this seat of honour, this curule chair, have been for me, but theatres of dangers, constantly renewing, and of continual alarms: it is upon these conditions that I am Consul.—I have suffered; I have dissembled; I have pardoned: I have healed many of your wounds, by concealing my own; and if the Gods have decreed, that it shall be at this expense, that I am to save, from the sword and from fire, from all the horrors of pillage and devastation Rome and Italy, your wives, your children, the priestesses of Vesta the temples and altars of the Gods; whatever may be the destiny that awaits me, I am ready to submit to it. Lentulus has been able to believe that the destruction of the Republic was attached to his destiny, and to the Cornelian name: why should not I glory that the epocha of my consulate, has been fixed by the Destinies to save the Republic? Think then only on yourselves, Conscript Fathers, and cease to think of me. In the first place I ought to hope, that the Gods, protectors of this Empire, will grant me the recompence which I have merited; but if it happens otherwise, I shall die without regret; for never can Death be either disgraceful for a brave man, nor premature for a consular senator, nor to be dreaded by a wise man. It is not that I glory, in being insensible to the tears of my brother who is here present, to the grief which you all express for me; it is not that my thoughts are not often occupied on that extreme affliction in which I left at home, a consort and a daughter equally dear to me, equally struck with my dangers, a son still an infant, that Rome seems to carry in her bosom, as a pledge for my performance of the duties of my consulate; it is not that my eyes do not, involuntarily turn towards a son in-law, who attends in this assembly, as well as you, with inquietude for the event of this day. I am touched with their situation, and their sensibility, I acknowledge; but this is one reason the more why I should save them, all with you, even at the expense of my own existence than to see them all enveloped with you in the same ruin. In fact, conscript fathers, look at the storm, which threatens you, if you prevent it not. The question is not here of a Tiberius Gracchus, who wished only to obtain a second tribunate; nor of Caius, who excited an uproar in the assembly of the Comitia among the rustic tribunes; of a Saturninus, who was only culpable of the murder of a single citizen, of Memmius: You have to pass sentence on those, who have remained in Rome, only to set fire to it, here to receive Cataline, and cut all your throats: you have in your hands their letters, their signatures, their acknowledgments. They have attempted to raise insurrections among the Allobroges, to arm the slaves, to introduce Cataline into our walls; in one word, their design was, after having put us all to death, not to leave a single citizen who might weep over the ruins of the state. This is proved; this is avowed—this, conscript fathers, is what you have already decided. What was it, in effect, that you did, when you passed in my favour, a decree of thanks, for having discovered and prevented a conspiracy of villains, armed against the country; when you compelled Lentulus to retire from the pretorship; when you committed him and his accomplices to prison; when you ordained a supplication to the gods, an honor which before me, was never granted, but to conquering generals; when you have honoured with the greatest recompences, the fidelity of the Allobroges? All these acts, so solemn, so multipited, are they not a condemnation of the conspirators? Nevertheless, since I have thought it my duty to lay this affair in deliberation before you, since the question is to resolve on the punishment due to the guilty, I must declare first of all, what a consul ought not to omit to explain. I well know that there reigned in mens minds, a kind of giddiness and fury, that they sought to excite tumults, that they had pernicious designs; but I had never believed, I confess, that Roman citi-

zens were capable of forming such abominable plots. If you believe that but a few are engaged in them, conscript fathers, you deceive yourselves. The evil is more extensive than you imagine. It has not only gained Italy, it has passed the Alps, it has glided secretly into the provinces; lingering and delay can only encrease it; you cannot too soon suppress it, and whatever part you take, you have not a moment to lose. Your resolution must be taken before night."

[*To be Continued.*]

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN IRONICAL ORATION ON DRUNKENNESS.

Delivered in the University of Pennsylvania, June 6, 1804.

[*concluded*].

Happiness, supreme happiness is its gift! Happiness, which extinguishes the *desire* of all other enjoyments. Once drunkards and parents, wives, children, estate, characters, body, soul,—all, all, are a cheap sacrifice to the enjoyment of the beatific bowl. Then it annihilates misery. The drunkard is insensible of the hour he spends dressing for the tavern, the hour he is going to the tavern, the six hours he sits in the tavern, the two hours he is staggering from the tavern, and the ten hours he sleeps, after having returned from the tavern;—wenty hours out of twenty-four—leaving only four short hours, to the wretchedness of rational existence. What a deduction from misery! A man, who, according to the parish register ought to be three-score years of age;—has, on this system been detained but a few months in this valley of tears.

Your academic life, young Gentlemen, by exposing you to the company of men, that know more than yourselves, must have corrupted your minds, with modesty, and diffidence. Drunkenness is the soverign antidote against those mean habits. Mark the stripling in a debauch, he speaks with the confidence of a hero, and emphasis of an oracle;—traps his father, laughs at his mother's ignorance, and scoffs at the folly of all mankind:—his fearless mind brooks no controul. Confident of his powers, and influenced with tremendous courage, he dares and achieves incredible exploits, such as breaking glasses, burning chairs, kicking waiters, and knocking down watch-men, with a thousand such feats, which by an apt figure of speech he calls, *playing the devil*!——But of all the mental advantages, resulting from drunkenness, there is one that I would mention with peculiar emphasis: it is, indeed, worth all the rest put together. There is something within us, whether it be a natural principle, or a corruption of our nature, or a prejudice of education, for it certainly does exist,—which is the cause of our most excruciating torments: it is more imperious in its orders, than all the professors in the University; and more severe in its corrections, than regimental flogging. In the old English language, it is called *conscience*, but modern philosophy terms it moral sense;—I presume with a charitable motive of detaching some disgusting association of ideas. Well, gentlemen, drunkennss exterminates this hydra. In six month's time it will spunge the conscience as clean from the soul, as if it had never been there.

The advantages of this virtue to health, are too well ascertained to require investigation. Universal experience proves that it warms us in winter like muff, and mittens—and cools, like a fan, the rage of the dog-star. Physicians are so sensible of the efficacy of drunkenness, that they mix all their medicines with alcohol, which is the very soul of potable liquors. Or rather, to tell the honest truth, they disguise this precious medicine, with their poisonous drugs—which has been the occasion of many a brave man's death; who, had he lived on pure alcohol, would have had nothing to ail him. For as there is but one disease—*debility*, and but one medicine, excitement; it follows that he, who lives on excitement can never be sick.—But suppose he should fall sick from an inattention to this salutary regimen;—a recurrence to the practice of this virtue, will be a pharmocopia of medicine, and system of surgery to him. His biliary ducts will be emulged, his nerves invigorated and his breast purged of phlegm by a daily emetic. If plethoric, he phlebotomises, like an hypotamus, on the first stum he meets, and is frequently found under a tavern table, or at the corner of the streets, in a position extremely favourable to the medical operation, invented by the bird Ibis.

I conclude with the simple remark—that drunkenness is essential to your characters, as politicians, and the best support of our Republican institutions. It humanizes society into the most perfect union. King and Cobler, Priest and Fiddler, are all *hail-fellows-well-met* over the bottle. The haughtiness of wealth, the sternness of virtue, the aristocracy of talents, all vanish before drink. Justice, temperance, fortitude, patience, and all stale prejudices are extinguished by this virtue, as lesser light by the rising sun. A glorious equality of taste and talents, of virtues and pursuits is the consequence. It is such a promoter of humility, that I defy the world to show me a drunkard, that does not of choice prefer lower company, than he was used to while sober. Without drunkenness you cannot shine as politicians. What will you do with the seventeen toasts, and six volunteers on the 4th of July, to say nothing of the new festival of St. Louisiana, and the numerous other festivals consecrated, and to be consecrated to virtue, in the rubric of intoxication.

But what I have said may be sufficient to remove prejudices, to convince you of the value and tendency of this virtue of drunkenness, and paticularly to inspire you with disgust at the miserable water-system of some pale moralists and philosophers; who, if they had been blessed with early initiation into our system, would not now be exibiting the deplorable spectacle of human nature sinking beneath gray hairs, and old age.

I could descant for an age upon this divine virtue, but I am too thirsty to proceed.

Fathers, go in peace to the shade of your grandsires, slow old age shall not oppress your sons: mothers, your hopeful progeny shall rise to distinction: And you, ye bright fair, favour us with your smiles, and your applause: But should you avoid our company, abhor our practises, and bestow your amiable persons on the sons of Sobriety,—Then! O then! we shall be compelled to revert to old Christian rules, and temperance may yet become a Virtue!!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Original letter from General HAMILTON, on the subject of Arnold's treason, and Andre's fate.

Since my return from Hartford, my dear friend, my mind has been too little at ease to permit me to write to you sooner. It has been wholly occupied by the incidents and the tragic consequences, of Arnold's treason. My feelings were never put to so severe a trial. You will have heard the principal facts before this reaches you; but there are particulars, to which my situation gave me access, that cannot have come to your knowledge from public report, which I am persuaded you will find interesting.

From several circumstances, the project seems to have originated with Arnold himself, and to have been long premeditated. The first overture is traced back to some time in June last. It was conveyed in a letter to Col. Robinson, the subject of which was, that the ingratitude he had experienced from his country, concurring with other causes, had entirely changed his principles: that he now only sought to restore himself to the favour of his prince by signal proof of his repentance: and that he wished to open a correspondence with Sir Henry Clinton for this purpose. About that period, he made a journey to Connecticut, on his return from which to Philadelphia he solicited the command of West-Point; alledging that the effects of his wound disqualified him for the active duties of the field. The sacrifice of this important post was the atonement he intended to make. General WASHINGTON hesitated the less to gratify an officer, who had frequently rendered eminent services, as he was convinced the post might be safely trusted to one, who had given so many distinguished proofs of his patriotism. The beginning of August, he joined the army, and renewed his application. The enemy, at this juncture, had embarked the greatest part of their force on an expedition to Rhode-Island, and our army was in motion, to compell them to relinquish the enterprise, or to attack New York in its weakened state. The general offered Arnold the left wing of the army, which he declined, on the pretext already mentioned; but not without visible embarrassment. He certainly might have executed the duties of such a temporary command, and it was expected from his enterprizing temper that he would gladly have embraced so splendidly inviting an opportunity; but he did not choose to be diverted a moment from his favourite object, probably from an apprehension that some different disposition might take place, which would exclude him. The extreme solicitude he discovered to get possession of the post would have led to a suspicion of treachery, had it been possible from his past conduct to have supposed him capable of it.

The correspondence, thus begun, was carried on between Arnold, and major Andre, adjutant-general to the British army, in behalf of Sir Henry Clinton, under feigned signatures, and a mercantile disguise. In an intercepted letter of Arnold's, which lately fell into our hands, he proposes an interview 'to settle the risks and profits of the co-partnership;' and in the same style of metaphor, intimates an expected augmentation of the garrison, and speaks of it as the means of extending their traffic. It appears by another letter, that Andre was to have met him on the lines, under the sanction of a flag, in character of Mr. John Anderson. But some cause or other, not known, prevented this interview.

General WASHINGTON, crossed the river in his way to Hartford the day these dispatches arrived. Arnold, conceiving he must have heard of the flag, thought it necessary, for the sake of appearances, to submit the letters to him, and ask his opinion of the propriety of complying with his request. The general, without his usual caution, though without the least surmise of the design, dissuaded him from it, and advised him to reply to Robertson, that whatever related to his private affairs must be of a civil nature, and could only properly be addressed to the civil authority. This reference fortunately deranged the whole plan, and was the first link in the chain of events that led to the detection. The interview could no longer take place in the form of a flag, but was obliged to be managed in a secret manner.

Arnold employed one Smith to go on board the Vulture, and bring Andre ashore, with a pass for Mr. John Anderson: Andre came ashore accordingly, and was conducted with a picket of ours, to the house of Mr. Smith, where Arnold and he remained together in close conference all that night and the day following. At day-light in the morning, the commanding officer at King's ferry, without the privity of Arnold, moved a couple of cannon to a point opposite where the Vulture lay, and obliged her to take a more remote station. This event, or some lurking distrust, made the boatmen refuse to convey the two passengers back, and disconcerted Arnold so much, that by one of those strokes of infatuation, which often confound the schemes of men conscious of guilt, he insisted on Andre's changing his uniform for a disguise, and returning in a mode different from that in which he came. Andre, who had been undesignedly brought within our posts in the first instance, remonstrated warmly against this new and dangerous expedient. But Arnold persisting in declaring it impossible for him to return as he came, he at length reluctantly yielded to his persuasion and consented to change his dress, and take the route he recommended. Smith furnished the disguise, and in the evening they arrived at King's ferry together, they proceed to Crown-Point, where they stopped the remainder of the night, at the instance of a militia officer, to avoid being suspected by him. The next morning they resumed their journey, Smith accompanying Andre a little beyond Pine's-bridge, where he left him. He had reached Tarrytown where he was taken by three militia men, who rushed out of the woods and surrounded him.

At this critical period, his presence of mind forsook him—instead of producing his pass, which would have extricated him from our parties, and could have done him no harm with his own, he asked the militia men if they were of the upper or lower party—distinctive appellations known among the enemy's refugee corps*. The militia men replied, they were of the lower party; upon which he assured them he was a British officer, and pressed them not to detain him, as he was upon urgent business. This confession removed all doubt, and it was in vain he afterwards produced his pass.—He was instantly forced off to a place of greater security, where he was carefully searched, and in his stocking feet were found several papers of importance, delivered to him by Arnold. Among these were a plan of the fortifications of West-Point, a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defence of the place, returns of the garrison, cannon and stores, copy of a council of war, held by General Washington a few weeks before.

The prisoner was at first inadvertently ordered to Arnold, but upon recollection, while he was still on the way, he was countermanded, and sent to Old Salem. The papers were enclosed in a letter to General Washington, which having taken a route different from that by which he returned, made a circuit, that afforded leisure for another letter, through an ill-judged delicacy written to Arnold, with an information of Anderson's capture, to get to him an hour before General Washington arrived at his quarters; time enough to elude the fate that awaited him. He went down the river in his barge to the Vulture, with such precipitate confusion, that he did not take with him a single paper, useful to the enemy. On the first notice of the affair, he was pursued, but much too late to overtake him.

A moment before his setting out he went into Mrs. Arnold's apartments, and informed her, that certain transactions had just come to light, which must forever banish him from his country. She fell into a swoon at this declaration, and he left her in it to consult his own safety, till the servants, alarmed by her cries, came to her relief. She remained frantic all day, accusing every one who approached her, with an intention of murdering her child, (an infant in her arms) and exhibiting every other mark of the most genuine and agonising affection. Exhausted by the fatigue and tumult of her spirits, her phrenzy subsided towards evening, and she sunk into all the sadness of distress. It was impossible not to have been touched with her situation; every thing affecting in female tears, or in the misfortunes of beauty; every thing pathetic in the wounded tenderness of a wife, or in the apprehensive fondness of a mother; and every appearance of suffering innocence, conspired to make her an object of sympathy to all who were present. She experienced the most delicate attentions, and every friendly office, till her departure for Philadelphia.

Andre, without loss of time, was conducted to the head-quarters of the army, where he was immediately brought before a board of general officers, to prevent all possibility or misrepresentation, or cavil on the part of the enemy. The board reported, that he ought to be considered as a spy, and according to the laws and usages of nations, to suffer death: which was executed two days after.

Never, perhaps, did a man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less. The first step he took after his capture was to write a letter to General Washington, conceived in terms of dignity without insolence, and apology without meanness. The scope of it was to vindicate himself from the imputation of having assumed a mean character for treacherous or interested purposes, asserting that he had been involuntarily an impostor; that contrary to his intention he was to meet a person for intelligence, on neutral ground, he had been betrayed within our posts, and forced into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise; soliciting only, that to whatever rigour policy might devote him, a decency of treatment might be observed, due to a person, who, though unfortunate, had been guilty of nothing dishonorable. His request was granted in its full extent; for, in the whole progress of the affair, he was treated with most scrupulous delicacy. When brought before the board of officers, he met with every mark of indulgence, and was required to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. On his part, while he carefully concealed every thing that involved others, he frankly confessed all the facts that related to himself; and upon his confession, without the trouble of examining a witness, the board made their report. The members of it were not more impressed with the candor and modest firmness, mixed with a becoming sensibility which he displayed, than he was penetrated with their liberality and politeness. He acknowledged the generosity of the behaviour towards him in every respect, but paticularly in this, in the strongest terms of manly gratitude. In a conversation with a gentleman, who visited him after his trial, he said—he flattered himself he had never been illiberal, but if there were any remains of prejudice in his mind, his present experience must obliterate them.

In one of the visits I made to him (and I saw him several times during the confinement) he begged me to be the bearer of a request to the general, for permission to send an open letter to Sir Henry Clinton. 'I foresee my fate, (said he) and though I pretend not to play the hero, or to be indifferent about life; yet I am reconciled to whatever may happen, conscious that misfortune, not guilt, will have brought it upon me. There is only one thing that disturbs my tranquillity. Sir Henry Clinton has been too good to me; he has been lavish of his kindness. I am bound to him by too many obligations, and love him too well, to bear the thought that he should reproach himself, or that others should reproach him, on a supposition that I had conceived myself obliged by his instructions to run the risk I did, I would not for the world leave a sting in his mind that should embitter his future days.' He could scarce finish the sentence, bursting into tears in spite of his efforts to suppress them, and with difficulty collected himself enough afterwards to add. 'I wish to be permitted to assure him I did not act under his impression, but submitted to a necessity imposed upon me, as contrary to my own inclination as to his orders.' His request was readily complied with and he wrote the letter annexed, with which, I dare say, you will be as much pleased, as I am, both for the diction and sentiment.

When his sentence was announced to him, he remarked, that since it was his lot to die, as there was a choice in the mode, which would make a material difference to his feelings, he would be happy, if it were possible, to be indulged with a professional death. He made a second application by letter, in concise but persuasive terms. It was thought this indulgence, being incompatible with the custom of war, could not be granted; and it was therefore determined in both cases to evade an answer, to spare him the sensations, which a certain knowledge of the intended mode would inflict.

When he was led out to the place of execution, as he went along he bowed familiarly to all those with whom he had been acquainted in his confinement. A smile of complacency expressed the serene fortitude of his mind. Arrived at the fatal spot, he asked with some emotion, 'must I then die in this manner?' He was told it had been unavoidable. 'I am reconciled to my fate (said he) but not to the mode.' Soon, however, recollecting himself, he added 'it will be but a momentary pang;' and springing upon the cart performed the last offices to himself, with a composure, that excited the admiration, and melted the hearts of the beholders. Upon being told the final moment was at hand, and asked if he had any thing to say, he answered, 'Nothing, but to request you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man.' Among the extraordinary circumstances that attended him, in the midst of his enemies, he died universally esteemed and universally regretted.

There was something singularly interesting in the character and fortunes of Andre. To an excellent understanding, well improved by education and travel, he united a peculiar elegance of mind and manners, and the advantage of a pleasing person. It is said he possessed a pretty taste for the fine arts, and had himself attained some proficiency in poetry, music and painting. His knowledge appeared without ostentation, and embellished by a diffidence, that rarely accompanied so many talents and accomplishments, which left you to suppose more than appeared. His sentiments were elevated, and inspired esteem, they had a softness that conciliated affection. His elocution was handsome, his address easy, polite and insinuating.....By his merit he had acquired the unlimited confidence of his general, and was making a rapid progress in military rank and reputation. But in the height of his career, flushed with new hopes from the execution of a project the most beneficial to his party that could be devised, he is at once precipitated from the summit of prosperity; sees all

* A band of marauders, who receive no pay, but subsist by plunder.

the expectations of his ambition blasted, and himself ruined.

The character I have given of him is drawn partly from what I saw of him myself, and partly from information. I am aware that a man of real merit is never seen in so favourable light, as through the medium of adversity. The clouds that surround him are so many shades that set off his good qualities. Misfortune cuts down little vanities, that in prosperous times, serve as so many spots in his virtues, and gives a tone of humanity that makes his worth more amiable. His spectators, who enjoy a happier lot, are less prone to detract from it through envy; and are much disposed by compassion, to give the credit he deserves, and perhaps even to magnify it.

I speak not of Andre's conduct in this affair as a philosopher, but as a man of the world. The authorized maxims and practices of war are the satire of human nature. They countenance almost every species of seduction as well as violence; and the general who can make most traitors in the army of his adversary, is frequently most applauded. On this scale we acquit Andre; while we could not but condemn him if we were to examine his conduct by the sober rules of philosophy and moral rectitude. It is however a blemish in his fame, that he once intended to prostitute a flag; about this a man of nice honor ought to have had a scruple; but the temptation was great: let his misfortunes cast a veil over his error.

Several letters from Sir Henry Clinton and others, were received, that Andre came out under the protection of flag, with a passport from a general officer in actual service, and consequently could not be justly detained. Clinton sent a deputation composed of lieutenant general Robertson, Mr. Elliot, and Mr. William Smith, to represent, as he said, the state of Major Andre's case. General Green met Robinson, and had a conversation with him, in which he reiterated the pretence of a flag, urged Andre's release as a personal favor to Sir Henry Clinton, and offered any friend of ours in their power in exchange. Nothing could have been more frivolous than the plea which was used. The fact was, that, besides the time, manner and object of the interview, change of dress, and other circumstances, there was not a single formality customary with flags; and the passport was not to Major Andre, but to Mr. Anderson. But had there, on the contrary, been all the formalities, it would be an abuse of language to say, the sanction of a flag for corrupting an officer to betray his trust ought to be obligatory. So unjustifiable a purpose would not destroy its validity, but make it an aggravation.

Andre himself has answered the argument, by ridiculing and exploding the idea in his examination before the board of officers. It was a weakness to urge it. There was in truth, no way of saving him: Arnold or he must have been the victim, the former was out of our power.

It was by some suspected Arnold had taken his measures in such a manner, that, if the interview had been discovered, in the act, it might have been in his power to sacrifice Andre to his own security. This surmise of double treason made them imagine Clinton might be induced to give up Arnold for Andre; and a gentleman took occasion to suggest this expedient to the latter, as a thing that might be proposed by him. He declined it: the moment he had been guilty of so much frailty, I should have ceased to esteem him.

The infamy of Arnold's conduct, previous to his desertion, is only equalled by his meanness since. Besides the folly of writing to Sir Henry Clinton, assuring him that Andre had acted under a passport from him, and according to his directions, while commanding officer at a post, and that, therefore, he did not doubt, he would be immediately sent in; he had the effrontery to write to general Washington, to the same purpose, with the addition of a menace of retaliation, if the sentence should be carried into execution. He has since acted the farce of sending in his resignation. This man is in every sense despicable. In addition to the scene of knavery and prostitution, during his command in Philadelphia, which the late seizure of his papers has unfolded; the history of his command at West Point is a history of little, as well as great villanies. He practised every dirty art of peculation, and even stooped to connections with the suttlers of the garrison to defraud the public.

To his conduct, that of the captors of Andre forms a striking contrast: he tempted their integrity with the offer of his watch, his horse, and any sum of money they should name. They rejected his offers with indignation: and the gold that could seduce a man high in the esteem and confidence of his country, who had the remembrance of his past exploits, the motives of present reputation and future glory to prop his integrity, had no charms for three simple peasants, leaning only on their virtue and a sense of duty. While Arnold is handed down with execration to future times, posterity will repeat with reverence, the names of VANWERT, PAULDING, and WILLIAMS.

Copy of a letter from Major ANDRE, Adjutant-General, to Sir HENRY CLINTON, K. B. &c.

Tappan, Sept. 29, 1780.

SIR,

Your excellency is doubtless already apprised of the manner in which I was taken, and probably of the serious light, in which my conduct is considered, and the rigorous determination which is impending.

Under these circumstances, I have obtained General Washington's permission to send you this letter; the object of which is to remove from your breast any suspicion, that I could imagine I was bound by your Excellency's orders to expose myself to what has happened. The events of coming within an enemy's posts, and of changing my dress, which led me to my present situation, were contrary to my intentions, as they were to your orders; and the circuitous rout which I took to return, was imposed (perhaps unavoidably) without alternative, upon me.

I am perfectly tranquil in my mind, and prepared for my fate, to which an honest zeal for my king's service may have devoted me.

In addressing myself to your excellency on this occasion, the force of all my obligations to you, and of the attachment and gratitude I bear you, recurs to me. With all the warmth of my heart, I give you thanks for your excellency's profuse kindness to me; and I send you the most earnest wishes for your welfare, which a faithful, affectionate, and respectful attendant can frame.

I have a mother and three sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject; I am persuaded of your excellency's goodness.

I receive the greatest attention from his excellency General Washington, and from every person, under whose charge I happen to be placed. I have the honor to be,

With the most respectful attachment,
Your excellency's most obedient,
And most humble servant,
JOHN ANDRE, Adj. Gen.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, APRIL 27.

DEAKIN *v.* RILEY.

This was an action to recover a compensation in damages for breach of promise of marriage, the Defendant having broken such promise by marrying another woman.

Mr. Serjeant COCKEL, in his opening, stated that the Plaintiff, Mrs. Deakin, was a respectable woman, residing in Birmingham, the widow of a man who long bore an excellent character, while employed as a guard to the Shrewsbury mail coach. The Defendant carried on the business of a cabinet maker and upholsterer in the same place, and frequently visited at Mrs. Deakin's house after the death of her husband. In the course of such visits he pretended to feel an attachment, and proposed marriage. Mrs. Deakin had no children, and there was but little difference between her age and Riley's, who was about twenty-seven. As she possessed some property, he advised to add it to what he had, and with the whole he would carry on the upholstery business to their mutual advantage. Mrs. Deakin, who took some time to consider of his offer, said she had no objection to comply, and if he really was serious, she would make application to her trustee to regulate and dispose of her property, so that they might act together. An agreement being made to that effect, they commenced living together as man and wife; her goods were sold, the money was given to the defendant, and the marriage ceremony was only protracted in consequence of his asserting that a temporary inconvenience prevented him from immediately making the affair known to his family. It was necessary (the learned counsel observed) to pause, as this part of the Plaintiff's character would be censured by the counsel conducting the defence; if, however, she was blameable in too easily submitting to live with the Defendant, her character, before she became connected with him, was as fair as any woman's could be. After the defendant had lived with her some time, she became pregnant, and in that situation he left her, on finding he could marry to more advantage. The promise of marriage would be proved by evidence; also that the unfortunate woman's property had been sold, with other facts, upon which the Jury could not fail to give their verdict for the plaintiff.

Richard Harrison being called, said, he was a hair-dresser at Birmingham; he knew Mrs. Deakin's husband—he was guard to the Shrewsbury mail, and had a house by the Dog Inn, Birmingham, where Mrs. Deakin became a widow on the 10th of May, 1802. About the latter end of August, or the beginning of September, in the same year, the defendant, Joseph Riley, came to witness, and asked to speak with him, before Mrs. Deakin, at three o'clock that afternoon, at her house; he accordingly went, and Riley said to him, in the presence of Mrs. Deakin, 'Do you know I am going to marry Mrs. Deakin?' Witness said, he did not. Riley replied, 'I am going to marry her, and will marry her.' Witness asked, when they would marry? Riley said, 'that on account of a difference between him and his sister, who was averse to the match, he could not marry then, but would in a short time.' A conversation then took place respecting Mrs. Deakin's property. She had a house well furnished; and it was proposed to witness who was trustee of her property, that the furniture, &c. should be immediately sold, and the money given to Riley to put into trade; the goods were accordingly sold by Mr. Smith, an auctioneer, and the money procured in consequence, amounted to 27*l.* The linen and china

of Mrs. Deakin were all she had left, and Riley had expressed the greatest hurry to have the things disposed of. Shortly after, witness received Mrs. Deakin into his house. She was then with child, and remained with him during her lying-in.—Riley used to visit her, and the child, by his order was christened at St. Philip's church. The nurse was also paid by him till after Christmas, about which time Riley was married to Miss Jane Evans, whom witness described to be a rich broker's daughter, of Worcester-street, Birmingham. Mrs. Deakin being deprived of her house and goods, went to live as servant with a lady named Wheatly, afterwards to the Dog tavarn in Spiceall street, where she lived when the defendant first became acquainted with her, and finally, lodged in the house of a married man named Palmer, in which situations the witness had no opportunity of observing any improper behaviour on her part. On cross examination, witness said the child was born April 1808, and that Mrs. Deakin was situated in a profitable employment at the Dog tavern, when her husband died, in May, 1802.

This was the only evidence adduced.

Mr. Serjeant Best, in behalf of the defendant, contended, that the character of the Plaintiff ought to prevent the Jury from giving credit to the case as made out; it was only supported by one witness, brought 150 miles from the country. The cause might have been tried in Warwickshire, if the party bringing the action had not been afraid of being known to the Jury as a person of bad character. The conduct of the Plaintiff, in forming the connection she had done, within a month after the death of her husband, ought to impress upon the Jury, that she was not entitled to bring the present action; and if they should be inclined to give a verdict to the plaintiff, the damages could not be too trivial.

No witnesses were called for the Defendant.

Mr. Justice Rooke summed up the evidence, and said he was disposed to express a sentiment which he had early imbibed, respecting causes similar to the present, namely. that the man who intrigues for money is guilty of an aggravated offence. The defendant had taken the plaintiff's, and thereby prevented her from procuring her livelihood in the same decent manner in which she lived when he first knew her. It was a deliberate and unmanly part, to reduce a woman to the situation in which the plaintiff stood. There was nothing in her conduct to her discredit, except the grounds on which the action was brought; and if the Jury believed the witness, who had conducted himself properly, and told a probable story, they must find a verdict for the Plaintiff, and give her such damages as they thought adequate to the injury she had sustained.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, found for the Plaintiff—damages 150*l*.

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HILL *v.* FAWCETT.

This cause, which stood for trial, excited an uncommon degree of expectation and curiosity in the Theatrical world. It was an action for an assault, and the combatants were both Knights of the Sock. The charge was prepared, the Jury sworn, the Judges arranged made a terrible show. The Learned Sergeant retained for the complainant was commencing the Prologue, when the parties agreed to refer the subject to the criticism of a more private tribunal, and accordingly the piece on the record was withdrawn—we are therefore unable to give even a faint outline of the fable. Some of the incidents, which have reached us from report, and consequently may be incorrect, we will venture to state. We understand the plaintiff, Mr. Hill, of vocal celebrity, happened to walk into the Green-room of the Theatre, to which he was attached, upon a certain evening, when the paraphernalia of his nether habiliments were not in the most perfect state of appointment—a button had escaped from a situation in which its locality was peculiarly important. This naturally caught the eye of Mrs. Atkins, who, with great good nature, assisted the sloven in arranging the decomposition of his galligaskins. The matter might have passed over as an ordinary transaction, but the defendant, Fawcett, who observed the kind offices tendered by the Lady, thought proper to indulge his mirth at the expense of the plaintiff; in short, he *quizzed* him to such a degree, that the wrath of Mr. Hill vented itself in expressions which admitted but of one alternative—Fawcett had recourse to it, and knocked Hill down.—Such was the ground work of the Drama announced for public exhibition. It was whispered that Mrs. Atkins, disliking the part she was to perform, had not only omitted the rehearsals, but had altogether declined coming forward. The audience retired very much dissatisfied.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

American Translation of Pothier's Treatise on Insurance.

In a country, whose genius is so commercial as our own, and where the spirit of enterprize animates every man of business, questions on the usage and law of insurance are perpetually arising; to be ignorant, or even doubtful of which, were most pernicious to the interest and credit of the merchant adventurer. Of all the books, written to elucidate the various contracts, existing among mankind, those of Monsieur Pothier, a French lawyer of the highest celebrity, are preeminently entitled to notice for their admirable correctness, propriety, perspicuity and good sense. Such is the clearness of his method, the soundness of his law, and the wonderful facility of his style, that the writer of this article, though not an adept in the intricacies of the French idiom, and not *professionally* stimulated to the study, cannot open the various volumes of this elegant writer, without dwelling with a fond delight, upon pages, so opulent in useful rules of business, and so bright with all the clearness of illustration. The possession of a book from so learned an author, on a topic so interesting as that of *Insurance*, must be a treasure to every lawyer, and merchant. But, with one exception, this treasure has hitherto been locked up in a foreign casket, and many, who have not time or inclination for the study of the French language, are naturally anxious for the *key*. We are happy, both for the sake of the legal and mercantile classes, to have it in our power to announce, that an American gentleman possessing an intimate knowledge of the original, has just finished a very accurate translation of Pothier's treatise. This will be immediately put to press, and will appear in a very short time. If the translator should in the public estimation have rendered an useful service to the merchants and lawyers of his country, he will be stimulated to proceed with a version of such other tracts of Pothier, as either for curiosity or use, may be advantageously added to our forensic studies. The writer cannot dismiss this article without citing the irresistible authority of Sir William Jones, who has praised Pothier with an elegance and an emphasis of expression, only rivalled in those classical books, of whose spirit he so brilliantly shared.

At the time when Le Brun wrote, the learned M. Pothier was composing some of his admirable treatises on all the different species of express or implied contracts; and here I seize with pleasure an opportunity of recommending those treatises to the English lawyer, exhorting him to read them again and again; for if his great master, Littleton, has given him, as it must be presumed, a taste for luminous method, apposite examples, and a clear manly style, in which nothing is deficient, nothing redundant, he will surely be delighted with works, in which all those advantages are combined, and the greatest portion of which is law at Westminster as well as at Orleans: for my own part I am so charmed with them, that, if my undissembled fondness for the study of jurisprudence were never to produce any greater benefit to the public than barely the introduction of Pothier to the acquaintance of my countrymen, I should think that I had in some measure discharged the debt, which every man, according to Lord Coke, owes to his profession.

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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A NEW PERIODICAL PAPER.

Our readers may remember, that some time since, in the course of our Miscellaneous paragraphs, we mentioned that a new series of essays under the whimsical, but expressive title of The Man in the Moon, was announced for publication in the city of London. We have just learned, that a complete octavo volume of these papers, has been published, consisting of animadversions on the politics, morals, and manners of the day. This work has been favourable received, and the Editor of 'The European Magazine' a very elegant and judicious Journal, informs us, that The Man in the Moon, comprizing twenty four papers, is a mélange of good humoured strictures, on the manners, and literature of the times. Many of the characters introduced, are drawn from the life, and the satire, with which the author has lashed prevailing follies, is at once forcible and delicate.——We hope this volume will soon be introduced in America, where a taste for this agreeable species of Literature, seems to be on the increase.

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VIRGIL.

Mess. Poyntell and Co. continuing their praiseworthy zeal for the diffusion of classical knowledge in this conntry, have published a fine edition of the works of Virgil. It is printed by Mr. Maxwell, in a style of neatness, which will not detract from the reputation of his Press; and it has been very accurately revised by several gentlemen of competent skill, who have diligently consulted the best editions, particularly the *Princeps;* that of Heyne; the magnificent folio of Foulis; and the splendid quarto of Dulau. It were presumptuous for the editor to pronounce a work spotless, to effect which, would demand the *hundred hands* of one character in ancient fable, and the *hundred eyes* of another. But it is just and true to aver that the American Copy is more correct, than the London Original. For the honor of our country, for the benefit of studious youth, and for the promotion of correct taste in literature, we hope that the works of Virgil, one of the most splendid specimens of ancient wit, will be perused at every Grammar School, and College in America. From the correct and elegant style, in which Mr. Poyntell and his partners have now printed four* of the Roman classics, we may reasonably anticipate such a full measure of public approbation, that these Gentlemen may be encouraged to reprint many of the finest specimens of Grecian, Roman, and British genius.

* Cæsar, Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. The two last of which will likewise be noticed in this Journal.

Conrad's complete edition of Goldsmith's Essays.

Mess. Conrads, active in the trade of books, and judicious in their choice of such, as the encreasing wants and taste of the country require, have printed from the press of the Palmers in High street, a very neat edition of Goldsmith's Essays, in *two* volumes. These easy and elegant specimens of the wit and style of a favourite author have been frequently republished here, but always in a mutilated form, in *one* volume, from a very imperfect British copy. But the present publishers, judiciously availing themselves of the new and complete collection of the works of this author, recently printed in England, have had it in their power to make such additions as to give a decided superiority to the American edition, and to render it peculiarly valuable to the admirer or the imitator of Goldsmith. Beside the Essays, originally printed in the year 1765, the reader will find a collection with the title of 'The Bee,' abounding in honeyed sweetness, and a number of critical papers, which are fine specimens of the judgment and taste, of their versatile author. These copious additions give new interest to these little volumes, which could the Editor persuade every one, studious of a style purely English, to peruse with the attention they claim, both the arts of converse and of writing in America, would be adorned with a Purity, that no criticism could tarnish, and with Graces to charm every observer.

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Kelly's Elements of Book-Keeping.

Mr. James Humphreys of this city, who is always to be commended for his choice of works of the most manifest *utility*, has published 'The Elements of Book-Keeping; comprising a system of merchants accounts, founded on real business and adapted to modern practice, with an appendix on exchanges, including the recent alterations by P. Kelly, master of Finsbury square academy, London.' Agreeably to the author's declaration the object of this undertaking is, to explain the principles and modern improvements of merchants accounts—to illustrate rules by real transactions, and thus to unite a knowledge of business with that of book-keeping. The judicious author of this very clear and definite work has united the elementary instructions of the school-master with the practical improvements of the merchant. We are assured that persons, who understand this tract, will soon be able to comprehend the business of a counting-house. This volume has had an uncommon celebrity in Europe, and from the character and experience of the author, and from the simplicity and perspicuity of his system, perhaps no work of its class is better entitled to the patronage of the public.

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The life of Sir William Jones, by the right honourable lord Teignmouth.

In consequence of very recent information from England, we learn that the life of Sir William Jones is now in the press. It extends to one volume quarto, of a uniform size with his works, and is written by a nobleman who has already, by *a very spirited sketch, given ample proof of his ability to render justice to the character of one of the most liberal and persevering scholars.

The memory of Sir William Jones, who may be justly stiled the *Incomparable*, and who in the course of a very limited life, by the alliance of genius and industry, mastered all languages, sciences and arts, and actually realized what fancy has fabled of the Admirable Crichton, will now be rendered still dearer to the learned world. Such a biography must be perused with uncommon interest. It will stimulate genius. It will invigorate labour. It will impart new hopes, and new desires to the heart of every scholar; and convince, perhaps, even the sluggish and the desponding, that no steep of science, no ruggedness of language, and no height of art, but may be surmounted, by those efforts, which it is one of our primary duties to make, while *striving for the mastery in all things*.

* See Sir John Shore's Eulogy on Sir William Jones, prefixed to his works. In this elegant encomium the aspiring scholar may find new incentives to the most salutary and the most glorious exercise of his mental powers.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Moore's Specimen of the Terrific.

The following poem, in the opinion of the British critics, is one of the finest specimens of that manner of writing which the romances of Radcliff and the muse of Lewis rendered at one time so popular in England.

The Shield.

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
  And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
  And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom
  Which shrieks on the house of woe, all night?
Or a shivering fiend, that fled to a tomb
  To howl and to feed till the glance of light.

'Tis not the death bird's cry from the wood,
  Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic man of blood—
  It screams for the guilt of day, that are past.

See! how the red, red lightning strays
  And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath:
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
  Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains,
  Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms, and wash'd by rains,
  But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
  Demons dance to the red moon's light,
While the damp boughs creak and the swinging shield
  Sings to the raving spirits of night.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Moore's Specimen of the Tender Style.

Goldsmith, in his matchless novel, introduces the hapless Olivia, who to please an aged parent, and to mitigate her sense of injuries from the profligate Thornhill, sings 'When lovely woman stoops to folly,' &c. which the critics have pronounced one of the most perfect specimens of *elegant* simplicity in style, and pathos in sentiment, to be found in any language. We shall hazard nothing in asserting that Mr. Moore has composed an apostrophe to some insensate or some ungrateful beauty, which Goldsmith would rank as highly as his own ballad.

Have you not seen the timid tear
  Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
  Or caught the murmur'd sigh,
And can you think my love is chill
  Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
  A heart so much your own.

To you my soul's affections move
  Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
  One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
  If, still my truth you'll try,
Alas! I know but *one* proof more,
  I'll bless your name, and die.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GEN. HAMILTON.

In one of the scarcer editions of the works of Johnson, there is a poetical memorial of Sir Thomas Hanmer, which, without the smallest violence to the text, or the theme, may be applied to the character of Hamilton.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirst of knowledge and with love of truth;
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd every ear, and gain'd on every heart.
  Thus, early wise, the endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the studious shade;
In life's first bloom, his public toils began,
At once commenc'd the senator and man.
  In business dextrous, weighty in debate,
Through many a year, he labor'd for the state;
In every speech, persuasive wisdom flow'd,
In every act, refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.
  His task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost;
Strict on the right he fixt his stedfast eye,
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety;
Her gifts despis'd, corruption blush'd and fled,
And fame pursued him, where conviction led.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A lady, who affected hard words, asked her son, 'who had placed the ladder against the garden wall?'—The boy replied: 'the gardener to get some fruit.' 'Oh!' said she, 'I was afraid you were going to mount the *nostrum*.'

[*Lon. paper.*

—

A man of genius, in circumstances rather poetical, being in conversation with the late lord Chatham, his lordship asked him, what, in his opinion, was *wit*. 'Wit, he replied, my lord, is what a pension would be given by your lordship to your humble servant; a *good thing, well applied*.

[*Ib.*

—

Time, in the pantomime, sings a *Song*, which we presume, the author did not compose for *Eternity*. [*Ib.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Climenole' will adorn our next number; and our readers will be delighted with his sarcasm, at the expense of *Pseudo* Philosophers.

'Hortensius' No. III. is unavoidably postponed. The reasonings of this judicious writer deserve a dispassionate examination.

'Florian' is reminded of his promise.

'The advice to a Journalist' is elegantly rendered from the French, and will form a very interesting series of papers for the Port Folio. The author had more experience in literature than any contemporary writer, and the *American* translator is versed in all the idioms of his original.

That admirable institution, the Philadelphia Library, and the recent addition to it of rare and splendid books, from the munificence of the late Mr. Preston, will be noticed in our next paper.

Why is the ingenious Asmodeo silent?

Under what shade of the British oak, or the American pine do Mr. Moore and the bewitching Muse repose?

A great variety of literary and critical articles are waiting for their turn of insertion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[The following is a very new, and a very excellent poem. He who can read, without sympathy, in the fourth paragraph, the description of a parent's solicitude for the quiet repose, and childhood felicity of her son, is unworthy of the blessing of a good mother.]

On the RECEIPT *of my* MOTHER'S PICTURE.

[*From the new edition of Cowper's Poems.*]

OH that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh, welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bid'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unseen, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes,
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And disappointed still, was still deceiv'd:
By disappointment every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bawble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short lived possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid:
Thy morning bounties 'ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd,
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowd:
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interpos'd too often makes:
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.
Could time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchor'd at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth:
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—time, unrevok'd, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again:
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic shew of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On Mr. T. Moore's hasty visit to America.

Ye, who saw Genius like a meteor's gleam,
On glowing fancy's sportive pinion soar,
When wak'd by rapture from the pleasing dream,
Will find the fleeting prodigy was Moore.

C. H....d.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO CHLOE.

Oh! Chloe ask not why this breast
So often grieves while you are by;
A heart that feels like mine oppress'd,
May oft unconscious heave a sigh.

But should you bid me truly own
Whence such deep sorrow can arise,
The real source to all is known,
But you, dear maid, who cause my sighs.

To soothe this breast, its cares beguile,
Each sadly rending doubt remove,
Oh! Chloe, you must fondly smile,
And vow for me eternal love.

C. H....d.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO DELIA.

Delia cease, oh! cease enquiring
Whence my tears and sorrows flow,
'Tis enough that I'm expiring,
Seek not more than this to know.

Pale and wan with constant sighing,
'Ere I bid a last adieu,
Delia think for whom I'm dying!
'Tis for Chloe—not for you. C. H....d.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[A lady after lamenting very seriously the loss of a favorite Canary bird who sung very sweetly, half sportively asked a gentleman if he could not write an Elegy on the occasion—struck with a certain vein of humour, he retired to another room, and with his pencil wrote the following lines, which he presented.]

Elegy on a favourite Canary Bird.

Adieu, thou sweet warbler, thy notes are all over,
The tear of regret and of pity's thy due—
Not husband's for wife, nor maid's for her lover,
Could exceed the attachment that we had for you.
Now, alas! cold forever's the soul kindling fire,
Mute the throat that could captivate, ravish, inspire
With notes, like Apollo himself on the lyre,
While our only solace is to breath this adieu.

D.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LOVE'S MINISTERS.

[Would you not laugh, Mr. Oldschool, at a weaver's 'prentice, who would attempt to imitate on a coarse piece of linsey woolsey, (the weaving of which his talents could just accomplish) the elegant figures and rich colours of ancient tapestry? I am that weaver—I have scarcely entered into my apprenticeship, and here I have just taken out of my loom the within awkward imitation.

You will perceive that I have interwoven *divers* old golden threads with the body of my woof—But, alas! you will also perceive that the ground work is mere linsey woolsey. However, I only send you this for a sample; if you dont like it, I'll weave no more.] I.

Ah me! full bootless is the vain endeavour
To force the shafts of love to pass ye by;
Full bootless the attempt, those bonds to sever,
Which erst Dan Cupid's potent hands did tie.
So many wiles hath he, the heart beguiling,
So many snares to catch the unwary wight,
That, certes, you must yield to his sweet smiling,
Or, certes, must, per force, unto his might
And once in's thrall, a captive you are ever,
To free yourself, ah! bootless the endeavour.

Love often, perdue, in close ambush lies,
And sudden springs on witless travellers—
But ah! that ever heavenly Clara's eyes
Shou'd through his realm be call'd 'Lov's Ministers.'
Yet so they are.—E'er robed in dazzling splendour,
Each sits un'neath its silken canopy,
Bidding the passing pilgrims to surrender
And bow as liegemen to Love's Seignory.
I bow'd, alas! I am a captive ever,
To free myself, ah! bootless the endeavour!

ISIDORE.

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